Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathling clothes,
This infant warrier, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great Douglas, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our throne,
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbiſhops grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me, vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew, how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauors in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all praiſed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meet,
For euery honor, ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe vp glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promiſe here,
The which, if he be pleaſd, I ſhall performe:
I doe beſeech your Maieſty may ſalue
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die, a hundred thouſand deaths,
E're breake the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, & ſoueraigne truſt herein.
How now good Blunt? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines, that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word,
That Douglas and the Engliſh Rebels met,
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury,
A mighty, and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand,)
As euer offred foule play in a ſtate.

King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, Harry, you ſhall ſet forward,
On thurſday, we our ſelues wil march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you ſhall march
Through Glocesterſhire, by which account,
Our buſines valued ſome twelue daies hence,
Our generall forces, at Bridgenorth ſhall meet:
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feeds him fat, while men delay. *Exeu*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, am I not falne away vilely ſince this laſt a
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs
me, like an old Ladies looſe gowne. I am withered like a
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I